

## Underfoot Fetishtale

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### Summary

In a short but sweet little tie-in to the classic Alphys' Bad School Day that can really only be aptly described as the absolute kinkiest shit to ever come out of the Undertale fandom, Asriel and Alphys and friends return to MTT Middle School for National Barefoot Day...with foot-fetish-inducing chips implanted firmly into their poor little brains by Gaster so that the sick nasty fuck can jerk off to it...yeah, I think you can already see where this is going.

# Chapter 1

## ASRIEL LOVES FEET

### PART 1

It was yet another calm, peaceful and innocent morning in the Underground, just after the events of previous fanfic Alphys' Bad School Day, and all of the monster kids, not to be confused with Monster Kid himself, were fast asleep in bed; today, however, we're going to be focusing on the perspective of Asriel, who was currently sleeping on the cold wooden floor in the attic of Toriel's three-story foster vacation home in Snowdin with Alphys and Undyne...a house that the four of them were literally the only residents of, by the way.

"GAAAH!" all three of the kids woke up and screamed as the hot-pink, glittery, cat-eared, anime-girl-faced Mew Mew Kissy Cutie alarm clock on the bedside table next to Alphys' and Undyne's suddenly went off at the least expected possible moment (6:00 AM, just as always), scaring the living bejeezus out of them!

"Welp, guess it's time for us to get ourselves ready for school..." Alphys sighed, leaning forward and yawning and scratching her sides and rubbing her tired, crusty eyes while Undyne did the same.

"God, why am I suddenly so turned on right now? Like, somehow even more so than USUAL with those two?" Asriel thought to himself, cocking an eyebrow in confusion as he watched the scaly little weeaboos grab their clothes out of the attic's closet and head straight down through the attic hatch onto the third floor...barefoot and in their women's underwear, of course.

"Alright, let's see what we've got on the news this morning..." Asriel shrugged and sighed as he lazily trudged his way over to the attic's couch, plopped himself down on it, grabbed the remote off of the coffee table and hit the POWER button, turning on the plasma-screen TV and resting his head on his hand in boredom while Alphys and Undyne not-so-secretly took yet another hot, steaming, 12-year-old (hint: all three of them were twelve) shower with each other in the third-floor-hallway guest bathroom downstairs.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Yes, despite having only been born about three months ago, Toriel's adorably fluffy new son Asriel had somehow already assumed the form AND additionally amassed the knowledge of a seventh-grader; it's magic-superpower logic, don't question it.

"Greetings, everyone; I'm your daily host, the ever-so-handsome and fabulous Mettaton EX, and welcome to the local morning news!" Mettaton swung around in his office chair and announced at the television broadcasting station at MTT Resort in Hotland (right next to the school, which he was now the official dance instructor at), crossing his legs atop the table and pulling off his hot-pink high-heeled boots to reveal his gorgeously shapen, blindingly lustrous and fabulously masculine soles to his audience; meanwhile, Asriel pounced right up to the television, pressed his face against the screen as if literally magnetically attracted to it, and began excitedly drooling and panting and wagging his fuzzy little tail like a dog in response, his penis stiffening rather noticeably and protruding extensively from his underwear as he did so.

"Today at Hotland's world-hated, I mean renowned, MTT Middle School conveniently located right next to my equally world-famous MTT Resort, I've decided to make this completely random and otherwise unmeaningful day of December into the National Barefoot Day! Remember, everyone, NO SHOES OR SOCKS WHATSOEVER!" Mettaton laughed as he crossed his

glamorously long and slender legs atop his desk and teasingly wiggled his deliciously, girlishly painted toes at the audience; meanwhile, Asriel was merely blushing and sweating with hypnotic arousal as he masturbated furiously with one hand and pointed suggestively into his mouth with the other.

About the next ten minutes or so of Mettaton's morning news bulletin was spent on him mercilessly torturing the audience with the temptation to lick and worship his beautifully shiny metallic soles; needless to say, Asriel only made it through about two minutes or so before finally creaming himself.

MEANWHILE, IN THE SHOWER...

"Oh, yeah, lather me with that smooth silky soap...LATHER ME LIKE YOU FREAKING MEAN IT!" Alphys and Undyne moaned lovingly to each other as they twirled about and french-kissed each other in the shower, hugging each other tightly in only the warmest of embraces as they romantically fondled each other's peculiarly underaged breasts and seductively rubbed body wash all over each other with their bare, scaly hands, causing Alphys' big chubby tail and dainty little toes alike to curl with pleasure as she blushed and panted intensely with arousal, struggling to resist fingering herself to the point of climax while Undyne routinely did the EXACT same, culminating in the two of them leaning toward each other and interlocking their lips together in a big sloppy kiss the likes of which were rarely seen outside of James Bond films...when suddenly, they both heard the rather distinct noise of Asriel moaning and bleating orgasmically upstairs!

"Asriel, I SWEAR TO GOD, if you hid one of Alphys' freaking spy cameras in the shower again, so help me, I am going to freaking tear you LIMB FROM LIMB!" Undyne yelled angrily at Asriel as she climbed right back up the ladder into the attic and flipped open the hatch forcefully.

"Um, actually, I'm the one who places those, and even then, it's mainly so that I can jerk off to Asriel!" Alphys whispered nervously into Undyne's ear, glancing rapidly from side to side.

"OH...MY..." Undyne gasped and blushed in shock as she saw Asriel dizzily, unconsciously sprawled out on the splintery wooden floor right in front of his stupidly fancy and expensive television, with his gooey white semen oozing down the screen in an articulately fingerpainted box-Mettaton shape while Mettaton himself was busy flamboyantly showing off his feet on screen.

"Asriel, WAKE UP! What in Mew Mew's unholy name just happened?!" Alphys asked Asriel urgently, violently shaking him awake and glaring sternly into his still-cartoonishly-swirling eyes.

"FEET...FEET...FEEEEEEEEET..." Asriel moaned ghoulishly as he sat right back up on his hindquarters and outstretched his arms toward Alphys' adorable little feet in a profoundly zombielike fashion.

"SNAP THE F%#& OUT OF IT!" Alphys yelled frustratedly at him, slapping him in the face to knock him back into focus while Undyne just rolled her eyes and shook her head in disgust.

"Okay, okay, look; I can explain!" Asriel stammered awkwardly, reaching for the remote (which luckily was still laying in the exact same spot on the coffee table as before) and shutting the television off while Alphys and Undyne impatiently tapped their feet on the ground, prompting him to firmly shut his eyes so that the temptation to lick the sweaty little beauties wouldn't distract him from delivering his message as he cleared his throat, drummed his fingers together anxiously, and began speaking.

"You see, there was this, like, NEWS bulletin, right? And, like, Mettaton was, like, teasing me with his feet and stuff, and then he, like, told me that it was National Barefoot Day at school, and

GODDAMNIT, I'M SO FREAKING SCARED!" Asriel curled up into a ball and sobbed humiliatedly while Undyne and Alphys smugly filed each other's razor-sharp fingernails.

"And WHY exactly are you getting so insanely worked-up about such an incredibly mundane and boring thing happening, may we ask?" Alphys and Undyne teased him, sitting down together right in front of him and wiggling their wholesomely bright-red-painted toes at him.

"Um...w-well...I t-think I might h-have quite a bit of a...f-foot fetish now, mostly thanks to him and Toriel..." Asriel stammered reluctantly, blushing deeply and hanging his head in shame.

"Oh boy, this kid is going to be SO much fun to tease!" Alphys literally put her foot in Undyne's mouth and moaned with arousal as the lovable fish lady sucked her scrumptious little toes like lollipops.

"Man, TELL me about it!" Undyne laughed, briefly removing Alphys' foot from her mouth into speak as she crammed her own tantalizingly soft, scaly and sweaty (and in this case, web-toed) foot into Alphys' mouth, moaning with pleasure as Alphys' moist, slimy, ever-so-wonderfully-dextrous lizard tongue teased over the ball and arch of her foot like there was no tomorrow...or perhaps even no one secretly watching through security cameras, for that matter!

"HEY, COME ON, THIS IS FREAKING PRIVATE AND YOU KNOW IT!" Toriel yelled at the cameraman in her master bedroom downstairs on the first floor as she laid down on her soft cushiony bed and gently fingered herself to Alphys' and Undyne's adorably girly and lesbian antics.

"Welp, here goes nothing...I sure hope that this day at school doesn't turn out TOO embarrassing!" Asriel laughed (while Alphys and Undyne both shuddered and cringed from the mere thought of some of the things that had ended up happening to them in the previous story) as he smugly stood up as straight as he possibly could, puffed out his chest and marched out blindly like a British army soldier...which, of course, led to him falling through the hatch like a doofus!

"Wow, are you okay?!" Alphys and Undyne both laughed uproariously as the former began rigorously licking Asriel's fully exposed left sole while Undyne began fervently licking the right.

"APART FROM FEE-HEE-HEELING LIKE I'M ABOUT TO EXPLO-HO-HO-HODE WITH LAUGHTER, I SUPPOSE SO-HO-HO-HO!" Asriel laughed hysterically, pounding his fists on the floor and begging desperately for the two of them to stop tickling him as their tongues teased over his surprisingly soft paw-pads, wormed their ways into his arches and even began digging fiercely into the dainty little gaps in-between his toes, eating his deliciously built-up, hairy and nasty toe jam in the process. (Just imagine how much toe jam he would produce if he DID wear shoes and socks...)

"Damn, we should try spreading that stuff on TOAST sometime!" Alphys laughed, licking her lips, patting her belly and letting loose a loud mayonnaise-scented burp while Undyne wetly and sloppily smooched the lustrously padded heels and balls of Asriel's feet and gave them a big warm fish hug while Toriel inadvertently walked up onto the third floor and caught the three of them right in the act!

"My dear and beloved children, please explain to me right this instant: pardon my language, but seriously, what in the actual foot-licking F%#& am I witnessing right now?" Toriel calmly and collectedly asked them (albeit with a profoundly confused and disturbed look on her face) as Undyne humiliatedly put her hands over her crotch in a laughable attempt to hide the brightly glowing blue boner underneath her blue jeans while Alphys glared sassily at her in disappointment.

"Um...w-well, you see, it's National Barefoot Day at school today, and...well, I think the three of us

have a rather embarrassing confession that we need to make about ourselves right about now..." Undyne stammered nervously as she stood up and crossed her legs adorably in sexual discomfort while Asriel went into the bathroom and took a shower to deliberately avoid drawing any more attention to himself for the time being out of sheer embarrassment and humiliation.

"W-well, you see, t-the thing is, w-we both kinda h-have...we both kinda have..." Alphys stammered awkwardly and bit her lip, drumming her fingers together and trembling embarrassedly.

"Let me guess; you two and Asriel both have only the absolute nastiest of freaking FOOT fetishes, don't you? Oh, you cheeky little SLUTS of girls!" Toriel laughed and giggled teasingly, simultaneously patting the two of them lovingly on their backs and giving them a great big group hug.

"B-but...Asriel's a BOY!" Alphys stammered in confusion, brushing Toriel's hand away.

"Right, and I suppose YOU'RE a buck-toothed, men's-glasses-wearing, bigfooted, Sonic-quilled GIRL!" Toriel chuckled with a playful note of sarcasm, patting Alphys on the head while the poor lizard girl glared evilly at her, reached into the pockets of her lab coat and made an angry post to Tumblr on her iPhone about how everyone constantly mistook her for a guy.

"Hell, for that matter, I guess you could even say that Mettaton DOESN'T look like a freaking girl, while we're at it!" Undyne laughed uproariously, clutching her chest merrily with mirthful glee.

"Um, for the record, Mettaton actually kind of IS a girl, you know!" Alphys reminded her, walking over to her and somewhat irritably (albeit lightly) smacking her right on the chubby fish cheek...of her scaly aquatic fish ass.

"OH." Undyne said flatly, her eyes widening in surprise as Toriel grabbed the two of them by the hands and dragged them down into the kitchen to get them to finally stop talking for at least five seconds.

Once Asriel had finally gotten out of the shower and redressed himself, the four of them gathered together at the breakfast table and briefly discussed more urgent matters (over their cereal, of course) regarding the so-called foot-fetish "crisis" that Toriel's kids were very clearly and majorly overreacting to.

"So, what's all this talk about Asriel being the absolute worst-off in this situation? What exactly makes HIM such an udderly special Snowdin-flake, might I ask?" Toriel giggled, shoveling a nice big spoonful of piss-flavored Cheerios into her mouth and glaring seductively(?) at her son.

"MOM!" Asriel groaned, rolling his eyes and facepalming from Toriel's god-awful jokes.

"Well, for starters, he seems to have the absolute WORST case of foot fetishism out of ALL of us!" Alphys explained, setting down her spoon so that she could gesture ominously with her hands while Undyne just rolled her eyes and continued eating her cereal like a normal person.

"He could be crawling underneath this table like a disgusting, rotten plague at this very MOMENT as we SPEAK...LICKING HIS LIPS...DROOLING RABIDLY AT THE MOUTH...BARING HIS FEET, I MEAN, FANGS...WELL, THAT TOO, I GUESS!" Alphys hissed and whispered cheesily and melodramatically to her bored and confused audience while Asriel crawled underneath the table and bit Undyne right on the webbing in-between her big toe and her index toe!

"YEOWWWCH!" Undyne jumped in her seat and shrieked in pain, pulling out a rolled-up copy of the weekly local newspaper from her pocket (after all, in the magical world of monsters, storage

spaces were often considerably more than met the eye) and beating the viciously growling Asriel over the head with it until he finally let go of her foot, leaving a large bleeding cut in her toe-webbing as well as nasty, foamy animal slobber all over her toes in general.

"Um, e-excuse me for a m-moment; I h-have some very urgent m-matters to attend t-to!" Alphys stammered and blushed embarrassedly as she grabbed Undyne's now-aching right foot by the ankle and lovingly kissed her boo-boo, sucking the blood (which was actually liquid red dust, by the way) out from her cut and sucking her sexy little mermaid toes as if their lives depended on it.

"HALLELUJAH!" Undyne could feel her toes metaphorically squealing with delight as Alphys began singing This Little Piggy just for the sake of utterly humiliating her even further.

"This little fishy swam to market!" Alphys sang teasingly with an incredibly smug wink and an equally sly grin as she lovingly sucked her girlfriend's right pinkie toe, causing Undyne's ears to droop downward with relief as she moaned and blushed with deeply humiliated pleasure.

"This little fishy bought a bunch of Trojan condoms thinking that they were candy!" Asriel sang as he eagerly joined in the fun and began passionately sucking on Undyne's left pinkie toe while Toriel just speechlessly sat there and watched the madness unfold, having literally no idea how to react to the sight of something so utterly ridiculous happening right before her very eyes.

"This little fishy went and fed them to the big-ass literal dogfish living in the aquarium in her backyard!" Alphys sang, raising her eyebrows seductively at Undyne as she sucked and sucked and sucked on the poor fish girl's right next-to-pinkie toe, humming and smiling with delight.

"This little fishy then began to curiously, stupidly wonder why her pet was starting to get so incredibly f%# ing SICK!" Asriel sang as he wetly, sloppily sucked Undyne's left next-to-pinkie toe with all of his succulent, dripping might.

"And so this little fishy went to the vet and asked her why her pet had gotten so f%#&ing sick, and the vet told her that she was a f%&%ing idiot and should have already known right from the get-go!" Alphys sang, teasingly biting down on Undyne's right middle toe with her big nerdy buck teeth while Toriel took a seat on the floor right next to them and began eating a tub of magic popcorn.

"And so sure enough, this little fishy's dog and all of her unborn babies were never heard from again, which of course made this little fishy very, very SAD!" Asriel chuckled somewhat sympathetically, sucking fervently on Undyne's left middle toe and teasingly nibbling on its ever-so-pointy little tip as tears of sadness and regretful sorrow began to leak from the poor girl's eyes.

"And so this little fishy, in wonderfully sincere honor of her poor pet's miserable death, unceremoniously tossed her into the nearby river like a sack of rotten old pota-TOES!" Alphys sneered angrily at Undyne, taking a brief two-second break from sucking her right index toe just to slap her in the face.

"And at that very moment, this little fishy suddenly realized the true extent of just how badly she had f%#&ed up!" Asriel sang teasingly as he sucked and sucked and sucked on Undyne's left index toe.

"And from then on, this little fishy vowed never to own a pet again, because she was apparently just too f%#&ing stupid and crazy to be able to properly handle one in the FIRST goddamned place!" Alphys sneered infuriatedly, biting down brutally hard on Undyne's right big toe (causing her to shriek in pain and also causing said toe to turn purple and swell up, of course) and kicking her right in the face.

"But alas, when this little fishy met this adorable little dinosaur, she decided to revoke her vow and have herself a wonderful pet girlfriend named Alphys, whom she would ultimately end up keeping for the rest of her entire stinking LIFE!" Asriel laughed as he gluttonously chewed and sucked on Undyne's left big toe, then grabbed both Undyne's left foot and Alphys' right foot and respectively placed them onto the left and right sides of his throbbing, rock-hard penis.

"Their relationship with each other was so utterly wonderful and beautiful that I swear to God I'm literally going to CUM in, like, TEN FREAKING SECONDS if these two keep it up...OHH...OOOOOOH...AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Asriel moaned orgasmically as he used Alphys' and Undyne's beautifully soft and scaly (fish and lizard) soles to give himself the two-person footjob of a lifetime, causing his dick to violently spasm and spray out a cavalcade of hot, sticky semen all over Toriel's utterly speechless, thoroughly disgusted and wholly disbelieving face!

"Okay, I think that's enough FUN for one morning, thank you very much!" Toriel sighed, wiping the gooey, sticky dick-slime off of her face with a wet paper towel and shooin' her disgustingly naughty kids out the door, leaving them to run literally all the way from Snowdin to upper Hotland just to go to freaking school while she just called up a magical flying taxi on her cell phone.

(Did I mention yet that she was the English teacher at MTT Middle School?)

## Chapter 2

### ASRIEL LOVES FEET: PART 2

Once Alphys, Undyne and Asriel finally reached the cafeteria, they were immediately greeted and surrounded by all kinds of fetishistic mischief involving students smearing various types of food onto their dirty feet and having their friends lick it off while they just sat there and fapped to their friends' misfortune. And yes, it was pretty much literally lining the entirety of the lunch tables.

"Come on, Nice Cream Bro, what the hell are you waiting for? These babies ain't gonna clean THEMSELVES!" Burgerpants chuckled as he smeared a mixture of ketchup, mustard and mayonnaise all over his smooth and sexy feline soles and crossed his legs atop the table with a seductive smirk as Nice Cream Guy (who was obviously sitting right across from him) thoroughly licked them clean, from his soft and fuzzy heels all the way up to his adorable little jellybean toes.

"Well, neither are THESE, for that matter!" Nice Cream Guy laughed as he gave Burgerpants a world-class footjob underneath the table, then girlishly crossed his almost-freakishly slender legs atop the table and made poor Burgerpants lick the resulting gooey splotches of his own...ahem...nice cream right off of the bare, sweaty, surprisingly soft and cushiony soles of his delightfully long and sexy rabbit feet, wiggling his orgasmically pretty little toes and giggling from how much it tickled as he gently, seductively stroked his fingers through his glistening fluffy bunny hair and began smugly flipping through the latest issue of Monsters Magazine.

"My ever-loving Bejeezus, would you LOOK at the way those two fags over there are making out with each other's DISGUSTING sweaty feet as if the fate of the entire world and humanity depends on it?" Bratty pointed and laughed (rather profoundly hypocritically, might I add) at Burgerpants and Nice Cream Guy while Catty licked what could only be described as positively heaping, oozing and dripping portions of sugary-sweet chocolate-milk-and-swiss-roll residue right off the bare soles of her uber-long and spiky-toed alligator feet, moaning with pleasure in the process.

"I know, right?" Catty giggled merrily as she grabbed Bratty's right foot by the ankles, shoved it right into her gaping, fluffy, lard-consuming maw and began licking and sucking her razor-sharp, pink-and-purple-painted toes every bit as diligently as ever, teasingly acting as if she was going to try and remove one of the alley gator's sexy little gold-and-silver toe rings (the one on her right big toe, to be exact) with her dainty yet surprisingly deadly little teeth. "Honestly, it almost literally makes me feel like my freaking MOUTH is bleeding!"

"Probably because it IS!" Bratty laughed, teasingly swinging her hand straight down like a cat paw while Catty lovingly kneaded her soft and fuzzy little thumbs into her rough, scaly tendons and metatarsals, drooling blood from her mouth as she daydreamed about her beloved alligator girlfriend (in very much the exact same way that Alphys did on a more-or-less daily basis ablut her equally beloved fish girlfriend, no less) while Bratty softly purred and meowed with pleasure.

"Alright, Papyrus, you know the drill: I put a whole bunch of ketchup all over my feet, and then YOU bring out your disgustingly slimy ecto-tongue and lick it right off like there's no tomorrow! Come on, it really isn't rocket science; hell, if Burgerpants over there can do it, YOU can do it too! COME ON, brother, show me some BACKBONE!" Sans enthusiastically encouraged his brother Papyrus, standing atop the table and breaking out into numerous Shia LaBeouf poses in the process.

"Ugh, FINE...but let me just tell you THIS right now; I have meta-FAR-sal better things to do with my thumbs as OPPOSED to meekly and mindlessly TENDON to your stupid BONY feet!" Papyrus



groaned and muttered at Sans as the chubby little skeleton bro took a seat across from him, emptied out several ketchup packets all over his feet and crossed his legs seductively atop the table while Papyrus' ecto-tongue began to excitedly hang out of his mouth and drool in response.

"You know, I'm really not sure which particular BONE of mine this is TICKLING more; my FUNNY BONE or my incredibly raging BONE-ER!" Sans laughed uproariously as Papyrus licked his cold, skeletal feet as if they were literally the sexiest and most delicious thing in the entire world.

"Alright, now it's your turn, bone brother! Make me the PROUD skeleton I always dreamed of being, and I sincerely promise that gloriously vast amounts of wonderful RICHES shall immediately be bestowed upon you! And by riches, I mean HUGS!" Papyrus laughed as he poured cold, slimy cafeteria spaghetti all over his equally bony feet and let Sans go right to town on them with his equally disgusting and slimy ecto-tongue, soaking every last inch, nook and cranny of them with seemingly radioactively glowing saliva while the poor skeleton laughed and cried hysterically from how much Sans' tongue was tickling his even poorer walking devices.

"NO, NOT MY ACHILLE'S HEE-HEE-HEE-HEELS! THEY'RE LITERALLY MY ONE AND ONLY WEE-HEE-HEE-HEAKNESS!" Papyrus screamed with laughter as Sans licked out the last few elusive spaghetti stains from within the balls of his feet and began relentlessly tickling and scratching his heels (AKA his sweet spots, oddly enough) with his pointy and bony fingers.

"Guess you could say that you're currently experiencing agony of DE FEET!" Sans chuckled and winked at Papyrus, who immediately kicked him across the room without a second thought in response.

"See, what did I tell you? It's true what they say about hands, you know; the more, the merrier!" Muffet giggled as she simultaneously used all six of her dainty little spider hands to smoothly, gently massage Asriel's big fluffy soles, causing the goat-boy to murr and moan with delight.

"My, my, your feet are so adorably tender...hmm, I wonder how they would appreciate such a wonderful gesture of hospitality as THIS!" Muffet laughed, letting loose a swarm of little baby spiders from her pants and pouring scalding-hot spider-bait tea all over Asriel's bare, helpless feet.

"YOWZERS!" Asriel shrieked in pain as Muffet used her butt-webbing to tightly wrap him up and tie his feet together while the swarm of spiders began eagerly and rapidly approaching his poor, poor, poor little feet. "What was THAT for...oh god, no...no, no, no, NO, NO, NO-"

"If nothing else, maybe THIS will finally get you to tell me the password to Toriel's brain!" Muffet cackled evilly, pulling no less than six feathers out of her pockets and tickling Asriel all over his body while her little baby spiders excitedly crawled onto his adorably defenseless little feet and began aimlessly skittering all over his incredibly soft and delicate paw-pads, causing him to roll on the floor screaming with laughter.

"OKAY, OKAY, I'LL TELL YOU ANYTHEE-HEE-HEE-HEENG! JUST KNO-HO-HOW THIS; THE PASSWORD TO TORIEL'S BRAY-HAY-HAY-HAYNE IS BUTTERSCAH-HAH-HAH-HAHTCH!" Asriel nearly laughed his actual biological lungs out, crying literal waterfalls of joyful tears from how utterly mercilessly he was being tickled while Muffet joyfully giggled, put a hand over her mouth and blushed in response.

"Thank you, Captain Obvious; jeeze, if I didn't know any better, I'd say that you're actually rather ENJOYING this, you sick kinky f%# !" Muffet teased him sassily, waving a finger at him.

"So tell me, my dear weeaboo fish friend; can you name even ONE monster in the Underground

with sexier feet than mine?" Alphys asked Undyne curiously while the latter began passionately licking the remnants of an ice-cream Snickers bar and a cafeteria cup of chili off of her stinky and sweaty (yet somehow ridiculously attractive and tempting nonetheless) little lizard feet.

"Um...probably either me or Toriel, I'm guessing?" Undyne replied embarrassedly a few minutes later, scratching the back of her head in confusion while Alphys licked heaping portions of mashed potatoes, gravy and applesauce off of her fishy-smelling, sweat-drenched feet, deliberately being as careful as possible (so as not to accidentally tickle her ultra-sensitive toe webbing) as the first-period bell suddenly rang out of seemingly nowhere, prompting everyone to immediately stop what they were doing and run straight to class...in which there would probably mostly just be even more foot-fetish stuff anyway, so what was the point, really?

## IN HISTORY CLASS WITH GERSON...

"And so, in an absolutely stunning twist of fate, Asgore's proud and dedicated foot soldiers felt the agony of defeat as Toriel's equally proud and dedicated fleet, in an utterly amazing feat of strength and willpower, led an astonishing march that, for lack of a better description, basically squashed the enemy beneath their putrid stinking feet like the pathetically weak and cowardly little insects they were!" Gerson laughed, flipping absentmindedly through the history textbook as he crossed his withered, aging, mole-riddled legs atop the table and teasingly displayed his incredibly tough, masculine, fleshy, scaly and veiny turtle feet to his students, scrunching his surprisingly soft and wrinkly soles and wiggling his sweaty old mole-ridden toes rather seductively for a hundred-year-old man that generally more than looked the part.

"Somebody PLEASE just kill me, just end my life right now!" Asriel thought miserably to himself, burying his head into the desk, covering it with his arms and trembling with embarrassment while everyone else in the class (in other words, everyone else who had also been mentioned in the cafeteria scene a few seconds ago) glared and smirked teasingly at him.

"So tell me, Asriel; what did we learn in today's history lesson, hmm?" Gerson asked Asriel oddly teasingly as he pulled out a bottle of lotion from his desk and lathered it all over his remarkably callused and muscular feet with his equally callused and muscular hands, causing Undyne's boner (and her blush, for that matter) to grow even further in magnitude as she desperately, hopelessly struggled with all of her astounding might to just ignore them and look away.

"YEAH, Asriel, what did we LEARN?" Muffet snidely teased Asriel, sipping no less than eight mugs of piping-hot spider tea (one for each of her six hands, and two more for her feet) just for added smugness effect while Asriel glared evilly at her and stuck his tongue out angrily at her.

"Umm...I'm s-sorry, I wasn't p-paying attention, sir! In fact, I'm actually pretty s-sure I only caught the parts about FEET!" Asriel stammered awkwardly, twitching his eyes and breaking out into a nervous cold sweat while everyone continued teasingly glaring at him.

"Hmph! WELL, then; who in this delightful classroom of mine would like to partake in a nice little session of foot-worshipping service on my grandfatherly behalf?" Gerson teasingly asked his students, nearly all of which raised their hands in disturbingly unanimous agreement as he placed his feet in footjob position, raised his eyebrows seductively and slyly at basically everyone in the general vicinity, and slowly rubbed his soles up and down against each other.

"Alright, everyone, form a line in front of me; let's get this party STARTED!" Gerson chuckled and blushed somewhat embarrassedly as his students formed a line all the way across the classroom, with Alphys at the front and Undyne at the back as they all blushed and sweated nervously.

"Alright, so as it turns out, this is pretty much EXACTLY how this...MMM, THAT FEELS SO RELAXING...next part of our history books goes; all of the remaining survivors from Asgore's army, as well as Toriel's, were required by law to lovingly...AHH, YEAH, KEEP GOING...worship and lick the goat queen's smoking-hot feet in honor of all of the wonderful...OOH, YES, THAT'S HOW I LIKE IT...things that she had done for monster society as a whole!" Gerson hastily explained, struggling to resist moaning with delight as his students walked up to his desk and lovingly massaged and licked his incredibly tender and aching old feet one after the other.

"And for those of them that happened to be EXCEPTIONALLY into it, why, she even gave THOSE disgusting little creeps a freaking RAISE! Man, who would've THUNK it?" Gerson laughed heartily, uncrossing his legs as Undyne kneaded her tough, scaly fish thumbs into the fleshy, wrinkly, deliciously sweaty and beautifully callused surfaces of his soft and delicate soles.

"Well, as long as it was making them money, I certainly don't see anything particularly WRONG with that!" Undyne chuckled as she teased over the heels, balls and arches of his feet with her long, slimy fish tongue and sucked his massively plump, long and meaty toes like Ring Pops.

"Of course you don't, Undyne; of COURSE you don't!" Gerson laughed as he laid Undyne face-up on his desk, pressed his left foot deeply into the crotch area of her blue jeans and began stroking it up and down while the entire class backed away and did the jazz hands in response.

Meanwhile, Burgerpants and Nice Cream Guy were far too busy french-kissing each other to even care.

"Um...BRATTY? You ARE roughly the same age as me, right?!" Catty nervously asked Bratty, glancing over at her and tapping her on the shoulder to get her undivided attention.

"Well, I'm certainly much closer to your age than Gerson is to Undyne's, that's for DAMNED sure!" Bratty shuddered, sticking her tongue out in disgust while mostly everyone else did the same.

"Indeed, this was actually a very big part of monster life back in my day, back when fandoms barely even existed yet and video games were literally just a bunch of little kids playing Cowboys And Indians and the like with each other!" Gerson laughed as Undyne blushed and sweated intensely, drooling rabidly at the mouth and breathing more and more heavily with each passing second as she came closer and closer to finally reaching the point of climax; the fact that he had already managed to get her already-throbbing cock firmly sandwiched in-between the big toe and index toe of his left foot certainly wasn't helping her current situation either.

"So basically, whenever a dog fetches a bone from Toriel, it immediately has to lick her feet afterward?" Papyrus raised his hand and curiously asked Gerson (who was currently preoccupied with rolling Undyne's rock-hard erection back and forth in one of his lovely, lovely old arches) while Sans groaned, rolled his eyes and facepalmed humiliatedly in response.

"Well yeah, that too...but more importantly, whenever one of Toriel's loyal servants disobeyed her royal orders, there was always generally a pretty decent chance that they would end up having to get themselves jerked off by her royal, queenly feet in front of a live public audience!" Gerson laughed uproariously as Undyne screamed with pleasure and blew a gargantuan load into her jeans; so disgustingly massive, in fact, that it was actually leaking all the way down her legs when she got back down onto the floor and stood upright on her own two feet again!

"Who is the master who makes the grass green?" Undyne rambled dizzily, stumbling back and forth, twirling around on her dainty little tippy-toes and collapsing onto the floor in exhaustion from how hard she had just orgasmed into her pants as the next-period bell suddenly rang!

"To me, it'll always be you, Undyne; it'll always be you!" Alphys giggled as she scooped Undyne up into her arms and carried her out of the room while everyone else eagerly followed along behind her into the next class.

## Chapter 3

### ASRIEL LOVES FEET: PART 3

"Greetings, ladies and gentlebeauties!" Mettaton laughed and posed flamboyantly in an incredibly over-the-top gesture of greeting as his students filed eagerly into the gym for dance class. "How did you know I was going to change your schedules AND completely change the Economics class into dance class just for this one particular special occasion, might I ask?"

"We just DID, for God's sake..." Alphys sighed, setting Undyne back down onto her feet and shaking her awake.

"So, what kind of ridiculous yoga nonsense are you going to make us do THIS time?" Undyne sighed and groaned, crossing her arms over her chest and glaring inquisitively at Mettaton while everyone else just stared intently at each other's feet and absentmindedly daydreamed about licking and sucking them, despite how much dirt they had clearly picked up from the hallways. "Oh, and also, Burgerpants, where in the hell did you get that freaking gum that you're chewing right now?"

"Uhh...from my pocket, I guess?" Burgerpants blushed and stammered embarrassedly, shrugging his shoulders and blowing a filthy hairy bubble from his mouth while Nice Cream Guy unassumingly reached down into the sole of his own left foot, scraped yet another pre-chewed wad of gum right off the bottoms of his own sweaty toes, popped it into his mouth and began thoroughly chewing it.

"With a big SMILE, of course!" Nice Cream Guy laughed, breaking out into a big toothy grin with slimy, gooey strands of glitter, dirt, saliva-coated rubber and hair stretched out between the jaws as he patted Burgerpants on the back and stroked his head lovingly, causing him to groan in disgusted embarrassment while everyone glared irritably at them and waited patiently for them to stop.

"ANYWAY," Mettaton sighed and shrugged, "did I mistakenly refer to this special day of ours as National Barefoot Day? My bad, I meant to call it National FOOT-FETISH Day!" Mettaton laughed while Asriel's eyes began twitching from the sheer temptation that was currently emanating from basically every single person around him, most especially Alphys and Undyne.

"What's the DIFFERENCE?" Bratty and Catty laughed as the latter nibbled out a pair of nice plump cherries from in-between the former's uber-sexy alligator toes and licked a sugary-sweet mixture of chocolate syrup and whipped cream right off of her sweaty scaly soles, sucking deliciously gooey raspberry-flavored caramel off of her toes just for the sake of properly delivering the touche de finale while Bratty pulled out her phone from her purse, snapped a rather embarrassing photo of the event happening, and posted it onto lesbian Tumblr while Catty grabbed the bottles that the aforementioned dessert additives had been produced from and eagerly passed them right on over to the equally lesbian Alphys and Undyne.

"After all, we both still wear exactly the same amount of TOE RINGS either way!" Bratty and Catty giggled and blushed as they sat down on the floor right next to Asriel, respectively pressed their right and left feet together right around the throbbing, currently diamond-hard shaft of his penis and playfully wiggled their toes, causing said rings to sparkle and glimmer in the light; meanwhile, poor, poor Asriel trembled embarrassedly and shivered nervously, his eyes twitching up a storm as he bit his lip so tightly that it actually started bleeding somehow while he was busy putting literally all of his utmost self-restraint into resisting the ever-growing urge to give the little brats permission to literally jerk him off with their feet while Alphys lovingly licked out heaping portions of whipped cream, caramel and sprinkles from the wrinkly little crevices of Undyne's

fishy soles, paying extra-special, professionally delicate and exceptionally precise tongue care to the adorably ticklish little webs in between her toes while the poor fish lady shrieked and wailed and wiggled wildly about in a fit of hysterical laughter as a result, helplessly tied up by Muffet's webbing just like Asriel had been in the previous chapter.

"What's the matter, Azzy? FEET got your tongue?" Muffet giggled as she seductively rubbed her sexy little spider feet with her mischievous little spider hands, pointed temptingly toward them with her index fingers and raised all five of her eyelids encouragingly at him.

"YEAH, Asriel, tell us; do you find yourself especially ATTRACTED to my gorgeous metallic feet and/or my wonderfully magnetic personality? Are you GAY, fluffybuns?" Mettaton teasingly asked him as he sat down on the floor and extended his legs straight out so that his fabulously shining soles and wiggling toes were buried deeply into the poor boy's face, almost suffocating him!

"FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, YES, I HAVE A FREAKING FOOT FETISH, ALRIGHT?! YOU DON'T HAVE TO CONSTANTLY AND OBNOXIOUSLY FREAKING TEASE ME TO ABSOLUTE DEATH ABOUT IT, YOU KNOW!" Asriel yelled in a fit of suppressed rage, forcefully yanking Mettaton's (and Catty's, and Bratty's) feet off of himself and crossing his arms angrily over his chest as he sat criss-cross on the floor and thought rather contemplatively to himself about his incredibly humiliating predicament while Undyne gleefully straightened her right foot into optimal position and gave Alphys a bitching, bloody vaginal footjob...um, yeah, it would probably be best not to ask.

"Oh...well then, what do YOU want, Mister Too-Good-To-Stand-Being-Teased-For-His-Own-Stinking-Foot-Fetish-By-Fellow-Foot-Fetishists?" Sans snidely asked Asriel, shrugging his shoulders and winking smugly at him while lovingly massaging Papyrus' remarkably big-boned feet.

"Hmm...you know, for once in my skeletal lifetime, I do believe that I actually fully AGREE with Sans on something!" Papyrus laughed in sudden realization, scooping Sans up in his arms and hugging him.

"What do I of all people want, you ask? Simple; I want to be RESPECTED for the absolute sh%# that I've had to go through today due to the freaking NATURAL way that my damned BRAIN works!" Asriel growled, balling his hands into rapidly shaking fists and gritting his teeth in frustration while Bratty and Catty continued teasing him even further with their irresistibly sexy feet, their toe rings gleaming and shimmering just as delightfully lustrously as ever while he reluctantly ignored their rather disturbingly whore-like sexual advances and cleared his throat.

"But HOW exactly are YOU planning to ACCOMPLISH such a thing, fuzzy-kins?" Mettaton asked Asriel condescendingly (but still rather curiously nonetheless) while Alphys kneeled down on the floor in only the most adorably servile manner she could muster, pulled an excessively fancy and expensive bottle of nail polish from her pockets, and began meticulously painting each of Undyne's dainty yet lethally-sharp little toenails as pulsatingly purple as they could be while Bratty and Catty crawled up behind Asriel and began gleefully licking and worshipping his huge, fluffy feet.

"Simple; I'm going to make what the humans up on the surface call an...OH, SWEET HEAVENS, THAT MAKES MY TOES FEEL SO NICE AND RELAXED...INTERPRETIVE DANCE VIDEO!" Asriel yelled valiantly and jumped for joy, doing a full-on jumping-jack and sending Bratty and Catty flying across the room in opposite directions as he spun around in midair and landed with a pose sassy enough to make even Papyrus and Mettaton blush in sheer admiration!

## ABOUT HALF AN HOUR OF PREPARATION AND REHEARSALS LATER...

"I appreciate your taking the time to discuss my feelings, everyone." Asriel sighed as he casually strolled (in a pink ballet dress, because why not?) into the very center of the gym and sat directly across from Alphys at what could only be described as the Mettatable; in other words, literally just Mettaton somehow transformed into a big square table with his feet sticking out the top of it soles-up.

"How do we feel, you ask? Well, perhaps this little puppet play we've written will explain!" Alphys laughed nervously and scratched the back of her head while the audience (comprised of basically everyone else in the class besides Mettaton, Alphys and Asriel) glared rather noticeably unamusedly at her.

"I am Asriel Dreemurr; woe is me, for I am wrongfully imprisoned in this literal hellhole of a schooling facility!" Asriel moaned and groaned, squeezing numerous fake tears out of his eyes and flamboyantly crossing his legs atop the table while Alphys teased over his delicate and sensitive feelings...er, I mean, paw-pads...with her long, moist and dextrous lizard tongue.

"I am Alphys; sad and unhappy am I without the ability to restrain myself from licking every single freaking foot I come across! BOO HOO! BOO F%#&ING HOO!" Alphys cried as she grabbed Asriel by the ankles, held him upside down and lifted up the skirt portion of her lab coat so that the poor goat-boy could lovingly fellate her penis with his fluffy kitten mouth while she pulled out a capless Sharpie from her pocket and sloppily scribbled her signature onto each of his soles, then somehow magically licked the ink into the shape(s) of her distressed, weeping face as she flipped Asriel right back up onto his feet and danced a twirling, french-kissing tango with him, spinning so ridiculously fast that they both began to feel like they were literally about to throw up!

"Our lives are without purpose; emptiness wells up in our tortured SOULS, not to be confused with the ones that you find on people's FEET! We're going to...GOING TO...BLEEEAAAUUGGGHHH!" Asriel and Alphys melodramatically retched and threw up into each other's mouths, then dizzily leaned over the table and regurgitated each other's already-regurgitated vomit all over Mettaton's feet, washing his hot-pink nail polish right off and causing said puke to suddenly turn a sickly and utterly repulsive pinkish-green color!

"I am Sans, and I also am indeed HUEGGGHHH!" Alphys clutched her neck with her left hand, poured a bottle of ketchup from her pockets all over the table with her right, and made a fake vomiting noise with her throat while Asriel grabbed her by the back and left ankle, bent her over backwards and literally put her foot right into his mouth...after lovingly kissing it, of course.

"I'm just Papyrus but I'm gonna barf too, and the LIZARD, LIZARD BARF, LIZARD BARF!" Asriel laughed maniacally as he magically produced a plate of spaghetti and a bowl of ramen noodles, recklessly poured their contents all over the table and smashed them into little white friendliness pieces against Mettaton's fabulously outstretched and ever-so-lustrous soles.

"BEHOLD the SWEATY SLOP of our FETISHISM! IT'S...PODOPHILIA...DAMMERÜNG!" Alphys and Asriel rambled almost-incoherently in a fit of alarmingly genuine sexual frustration and outright insanity as they dug their hands into the watery, slimy and disgusting mixture of things that they had just left on the table, smeared it all over their faces and shoveled heaping portions of it into their gaping and ravenous maws with their hands, broken glass and all.

(Luckily, they both had incredibly resilient digestive systems, so no real damage was done there.)

"The TWILIGHT of Mettaton's FEET; WEEP FOR THEM, WEEP FOR THEIR SORROH-HO-HO-HOOOW!" Alphys and Asriel screamed and cried every bit as melodramatically as could be,

blood pouring in disturbingly large quantities from their mouths as they stripped each other naked, smeared the food-mixture-slime from the table all over their bodies, rolled around on the floor licking the mixture off of each other's naked bodies, then finally dunked their faces right into Mettaton's feet (left foot for Asriel, right foot for Alphys) and began rabidly drooling and slobbering and licking and sucking and kissing and smooching all over them until they were so clean that the kids could vividly see their reflections on the surfaces of his lustrous soles.

"Yes, Asriel; indeed, my delicate psyche HAS come horribly unglued!" Alphys laughed maniacally, her eyes twitching hyperactively as she finally removed herself from the sweet and loving embrace of Asriel's warm and fluffy little arms, as well as he from the loving embrace of hers.

"Quite frankly, my darling, I wouldn't have it any other way!" Asriel laughed maniacally, pouncing ferociously onto Alphys and making only the sweetest of sweet love to her while the entirety of the audience sitting in the bleacher sidelines simply gawked in utterly dumbfounded, speechless amazement and confusion, with their jaws dropped firmly to the ground.

"Oh...so THIS is what condoms were for..." Undyne groaned as the next-period bell rang.



## Chapter 4

### ASRIEL LOVES FEET: PART 4

"Good morning, my children; as you all very well know by now, I am Toriel Dreemurr, former queen of the Underground, now serving as your English teacher!" Toriel adorably greeted her class, waving her hand shyly at them as she buried her nose deeply into a trashy romance novel.

"WE KNOW..." the entire class groaned in response as Toriel bookmarked her book, set it down on her desk, grabbed her cell phone from one of her desk drawers and sent a phone call to her dear and beloved husband King Asgore, crossing her exquisitely lovely legs teasingly atop the table in the process.

"Don't be intimidated, Asriel, just try to imagine her in a nice big pair of shoes...OH GOD, SHE'S WEARING FLATS!" Asriel gasped internally to himself as he realized that his mother had literally been the ONE person in the school (at least as far as he knew, that is) to break the barefoot rule so far...presumably for the sole purpose of making the very special moment when she finally revealed her world-renowned bare feet to the entire classroom even more seductive, no less!

"Heh, guess you could say that the current sexual situation that Asriel's in right now is FLAT-OUT degrading!" Sans thought amusedly to himself while Papyrus suspiciously glared at him in response.

"Man, what if Alphys and I suddenly decided to start wearing those freaking open-toed high heels we keep hearing so bloody much about? How would you kinky little f%#&ers like THAT, hmm?" Bratty sneered lividly, causing Burgerpants, Nice Cream Guy, Undyne and Catty alike to excitedly drool at the mouth, pant like a bunch of starving dogs and lick their lips in response.

(In Catty's, Nice Cream Guy's and Burgerpants' case, they were also tapping their feet on the floor like a bunch of little jackrabbits that had just heard the greatest news of their lives.)

"What, was it something I SAID?!" Undyne gasped in surprise as Alphys suddenly crossed her arms angrily over her chest and glared soul-piercingly at her out of sheer disappointment for how incredibly misguided and shallow her relationship with the fish lady really was.

"Yes; indeed, tell me more about how incredibly complex, sophisticated and detailed your relationship with other really is!" Muffet laughed both smugly and condescendingly at the two of them as she applied makeup powder to herself with her top two arms, sipped tea with the middle two, and slowly, sarcastically clapped her hands with the bottom two while her loyal baby spiders crawled all over her bare, beautiful spider feet and licked them clean, causing her to giggle and blush with delight while Alphys and Undyne shot her a death glare in response.

"Mmm-hmm...so basically, you're planning to come on over to my house tonight and have a nice, romantic little date with me, I presume?" Toriel asked Asgore teasingly over the phone for clarification as she temptingly hung the lower ends of her legs over the edge of her desk and flirtatiously dangled her flats from the toe-ends of her orgasmically sexy and fluffy MILF feet at an almost perfectly ninety-degree angle, almost-but-not-quite fully exposing her bare toes while Asriel sucked in his cheeks, bit his jaw and blushed rosy pink across his entire head, fighting hopelessly against himself to try and suppress the unbearably overwhelming slew of dirty thoughts that was already flowing through naught but the absolute deepest, darkest and kinkiest Rule 34 catacombs of his mind like the hellish river Styx as he began sweating his head off from how tantalizingly, irresistibly hot and attractive his goat-mother really was at times.

"Man, I really wish I could sneak into Asriel's head and see what's going on in THERE right now!" Muffet laughed merrily, clutching her chest with all six of her arms and blushing with mischievous delight.

"Trust me, you REALLY don't want to know..." Asriel shuddered and stammered in profound self-loathing and disgust as he suddenly realized that he currently had the biggest boner of his entire life just from the mere thought of all of the downright nasty, repulsive and generally completely unacceptable-for-his-age things that he not-so-secretly wanted to do to Toriel's feet.

"Oh dear, you want me to make a pie with my FEET? Well, I suppose that such a thing theoretically COULD be arranged, if you so desire..." Toriel giggled teasingly, gently wagging her tail as she almost-but-not-quite pulled her flats right off and began seductively dangling them from the very measly tips of her big toes, revealing just about the entirety of her bare, naked feet to the class.

"KAWAII DESU NEEEEEE!" Alphys and Undyne screamed, accidentally spraying out incredibly violent nosebleeds all over each other's faces as they hugged each other for warmth in a desperate struggle to resist the overpowering allure of Toriel's mouthwatering, sweat-dripping feet.

"Wow, I guess you could say that her feet are really freaking HOT in those flats!" Sans snickered snidely, shrugging his shoulders and winking at Papyrus, who stuck out his passionately drooling ecto-tongue at him in response while Sans blew another flirtatiously moist and dripping raspberry back at him.

"Hmm...you know what? Tell you what; meet me at 10 o' clock tonight, and then we can discuss the possibility of ourselves getting back together after your suddenly deciding to become a psychotic child murderer...or more likely the lack thereof, but I promise you that you'll get a nice warm footjob...I mean, FOOT MASSAGE at the very least!" Toriel lovingly reassured Asgore, hanging up her cell phone and gently setting it back down into her desk drawer as she finally let her flats fall clean off onto the floor, revealing her gloriously smooth, exquisitely sculpted and irresistibly handsome artworks of feet to literally everyone in the entire classroom, with the scrumptiously plump and massive toes, the tantalizingly soft and gorgeously padded soles, the teasingly and adorably expressive wiggling and waving motions, and generally just about everything that one truly versed in the art of foot-fetishism could ever truly hope to ask for.

"What's the matter, my children? Tempted by the FEET of another?" Toriel giggled flirtatiously as she teasingly wiggled her toes and scrunched her soles at the class, stimulating at least half of her students nearly to the point of orgasm merely from looking at their sheer unadulterated beauty as she slyly waved her finger at them in a no-no motion and began reading the story of the day, also known as The Golden Flowers Of Asgore Dreemurr; but alas, before she had even finished reading the once-upon-a-time part, literally all of her students had already violently creamed themselves, sprayed heaping portions of blood from their noses and passed out unconscious in their seats...again, simply from the mere sight of her beautiful feet.

"Once upon a time...oh, for crying out loud, REALLY?!" Toriel groaned, facepalming herself repeatedly with the book in frustration. "Welp, there goes THIS game's opportunity to have a properly fleshed-out backstory! No wonder Sans and Papyrus are literally just freaking skeletons, am I right? AM I RIGHT?!"

"Hey, I freaking HEARD that!" Sans suddenly woke up from his fake sleep and scolded her.

ABOUT HALF AN HOUR LATER, ON THE TRACK-AND-FIELD OVAL CIRCUIT IN THE ARTIFICIALLY-CREATED, HOLOGRAPHICALLY SHIELDED METAL FIELD JUST OUTSIDE THE GYM...

"Ready, set, DARLINGS!" Mettaton signaled for the weekly six-lap track race to begin as his students (who had to wear shoes and socks in this period, for whatever strange reason...gee, I sure do WONDER why...) immediately took off running at the speed of sound while he just stood there and clapped robotically in seemingly fake applause at how amazingly fast they were.

"Papyrus, what did I tell you about running ridiculous numbers of laps around stupidly oversized circuits and hollering about how great I am?" Sans asked Papyrus as he already-exhaustedly ran around the very first measly little bend of the oval-shaped track, using his mad teleportation skills to cheat himself out of having to actually do about 80% of the overall work.

"You told me that it was the absolute greatest thing in the history of EVER!" Papyrus laughed uproariously, charging forward fair-and-square at full speed while Sans merely groaned, rolled his eyes and facepalmed himself in response.

"I'm really feeling it! THIS IS A GOOD RESULT! I've got a good rhythm going! WE CAN DEFINITELY DO THIS! I can FEEL the POWER!" Alphys autistically spouted out random Shulk quotes from Xenoblade Chronicles as she sprinted along the track at surprisingly the exact same speed as Undyne, proving just how powerful her dinosaur legs actually were in practice.

"I'm powering up! NOW IT'S UNDYNE TIME! Just goes to show; BRAWN is better than BRAINS!" Undyne laughed and roared valiantly, autistically spouting out random Reyn quotes from Xenoblade Chronicles and charging ahead at full speed with all of her weeaboo might while Alphys just rolled her eyes and facepalmed, already wanting to shoot herself from how profoundly and rather admittedly shitty Undyne's taste in characters could really be at times.

"Ooh, I'm afraid I can't let THAT one slip by!" Muffet laughed teasingly at the two of them, catching up behind them with the locomotive help of her other six limbs besides her legs.

"THE HEAD!" Burgerpants and Nice Cream Guy yelled nondescriptly at Muffet.

"What about it?" Muffet asked them inquisitively, cocking an eyebrow at them.

"SHOOT HER IN THE HEAD!" Burgerpants and Nice Cream Guy (and Bratty and Catty) yelled at her, pointing directly at Undyne's head as the racers neared the end of their very first lap.

"What, was it something I SAID?" Undyne shrugged her shoulders, shook her head and asked Alphys cluelessly while everyone just sighed and rolled their eyes irritably in response.

"Uh, YEAH?!" Asriel growled angrily at her, smacking her right on the knee with his fist.

ABOUT FIVE LAPS LATER...

"Alright, everybody, now head on back to the locker room, and don't forget to wash those adorable little FEETIES of yours!" Mettaton laughed and recommended rather suggestively as his exhausted, sweaty students (of which Undyne had actually won the race by a pretty long shot, naturally) trudged their way back to the gym and headed straight for the aforementioned locker room.

IN THE LOCKER ROOM, AT ALPHYS' AND UNDYNE'S BENCH...

"AHH, it feels so god-damned SATISFYING to FINALLY be able to take these bitches OFF and give my lovely little feet some freaking BREATHING space!" Undyne moaned and sighed with relief as she forcefully yanked off her complimentary shoes and socks, revealing her now-disgustingly-putrid-and-sweaty feet, of which the foul stench now filled half the entire locker room as she teasingly wiggled her toes. "OH, ALLLPHYYS?"

"Um...Y-YES?!" Alphys stammered and blushed humiliatedly as she took off her own footwear, sprayed temporary artificial deodorant onto her feet to hide the nasty reptilian body odor emanating from them, then finally turned around to see her beloved girlfriend shamelessly and rather gratuitously showing off a far WORSE-smelling type of body odor: FISH body odor!

"You already know exactly what to do here, my dear and beloved foot slave; now GET RIGHT TO IT!" Undyne laughed mischievously, pointing her soles straight out toward Alphys and wiggling her toes even more teasingly and seductively as she pulled out an entire issue of Sports Illustrated Magazine from one of her pants pockets (again, magic beats logic) and cracked it open like a bottle of fine wine while her ever-so-loyal lizard servant sat down on all fours like an obedient dog and began barking, howling, wagging her tail and panting with pleasure.

"You see, THIS right here is what you get for coming in dead LAST!" Undyne laughed while Alphys lovingly caressed the heels and balls of her lovely, sweat-drenched, lint-covered soles with her wonderfully sexy lizard tongue, delving astoundingly deep into the succulent and cavernous wrinkles of her fascinatingly complex yet surprisingly smooth foot topography and fishing out all kinds of scrumptious, juicy sock lint from the majestically beautiful folds of her astonishingly soft, cushiony and deeply-curved arches while the fish lady moaned in arousal.

"Drink it in, Alphys, that's a FAILURE taste!" Undyne laughed evilly at Alphys, wiggling and curling her toes seductively with delight as Alphys licked and sucked the hairy, sweaty, slimy lint from the little gaps in-between them, even going as far as to slurp out the little athlete's-foot-induced magic mushrooms that had just recently started growing in her toe-webbing, causing poor Alphys to suddenly have an LSD-induced fever-dream in which she was worshipping the even more gloriously sexy feet of her beloved anime catgirl idol, Mew Mew Kissy Cutie!

"It's official; you SUCK!" Undyne teased Alphys while the poor lizard girl loyally sucked her callused, meaty little fish toes, kissing each one of them individually with alarmingly sincere love before finally shoving the fish lady's entire feet into her mouth one-after-the-other and sucking them like actual lollipops, coating her naked, fervently wiggling fish toes with a disgusting thick, gooey, dripping and oozing layer of slimy, sticky, glistening saliva while Alphys moaned loudly with pleasure.

"Tell me, Alphys, how does it FEEL? How does it f%#&ing FEEL, knowing that you'll never be able to run as fast as I can with THESE delicious little beauties of mine?" Undyne snickered mockingly as she reluctantly swallowed her pride, lowered one of her feet down onto Alphys' crotch, pressed it firmly against her raging erection and began fiercely stroking it up and down in the exact same way that Gerson had given HER an equally glorious and utterly fantastic footjob back in History class while Alphys' moaning grew progressively louder and more intense by the second.

"OH, MEW MEW, HOW I LOVE TO LICK AND WORSHIP YOUR BEAUTIFUL TOOTSIES...OHH...OHHHH...OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Alphys shrieked orgasmically at the top of her lungs as her dick spasmed and gushed out half an entire cup of gooey, sticky semen all over Undyne's gorgeous fishy soles, licking off every last drop of it immediately afterward!

MEANWHILE AT MUFFET'S AND ASRIEL'S BENCH...

"Yeah, come on, you little spider bitch, BURY YOUR F%#&ING STUPID UGLY FACE RIGHT IN THERE!" Asriel laughed sadistically as he forcefully jammed Muffet's face right up against his sweat-drenched, lint-coated, dirt-packed little paw-pads and shoved it right in-between his big fluffy toes.

"Mmm...what an incredibly INTERESTING flavor...personally, I would have settled for vore

fetishism myself, but I suppose this'll do too!" Muffet giggled and blushed embarrassedly as she teasingly nibbled Asriel's toe-pads with her adorably pointy little spider fangs, sucked basically every last trace of lint-related nutrients from his lovely toes and licked his arches and pads as thoroughly as she could muster with her devious and dextrous spider-tongue.

"Um, just one thing...you're not going to release those freaking TICKLE-SPIDERS on me again, are you?" Asriel asked Muffet nervously while the mischievous little spider-brat chuckled worryingly and winked slyly at him with all five of her eyes in response, snapping her fingers and tying Asriel up in spider webbing as her babies came swarming out by the dozens from her pants.

"GWAHAHAHAHAH! WHY?! WHY-HY-HY-HY?! WHY DOES THIS FREE-HEE-HEEKING STORY EVEN EXIST IN THE FU-HU-HU-HURST GODDAMNED PLAY-HAY-HAY-HAYCE?!" Asriel rolled on the floor, laughing and crying and screaming hysterically as Muffet's babies crawled all over the adorably soft and fluffy surfaces of his bare, incredibly ticklish soles, licking up all of the sweaty dirt and lint nutrients from them.

"Because someone had a foot fetish and was extremely BORED, you silly goose; why ELSE would it freaking exist, you goddamned doofus?!" Muffet laughed uproariously as she promptly began lovingly kneading her SIX fuzzy little spider thumbs into Asriel's tender and earthly soles, causing the poor goat-boy to murr and bleat loudly with pleasure as Muffet crushed and squashed her own just-born children into juicy, bloody dust with her thumbs and licked their mangled, horrifically disfigured remains right off the scrumptious bare soles of Asriel's feet!

MEANWHILE AT SANS' AND PAPYRUS' BENCH...

"NYOOHOOHOOHOOHOO! GOOD GOD, SANS, STOP TICKLING MY FUNNY BONES SO BLOODY MU-HU-HU-HUCH!" Papyrus cried and screamed in a fit of hysterical laughter, pounding his fists on the bench while his deceptively small big brother went straight to work on his entirely nonexistent tendons and metatarsals with his throbbing, slimy, pulsating ecto-tongue, licking up all kinds of dirt, dust, sweat and lint in the process.

"Um...pardon my asking, Sans, but how exactly IS a skeleton supposed to be able to sweat? I mean, they literally don't even HAVE skin or any sort of internal organs in the FIRST freaking place, let alone the proper glands-"

"It's magic, don't question it!" Sans laughed as he teasingly poked his brightly glowing, saliva-oozing blue tongue into the numerous little holes and gaps in Papyrus' (totally not) sexy foot-bone structures, then grabbed both of his feet in their still-not-terribly-hot entirety and wrapped his skeletal toes lovingly around the already dripping and oozing shaft of his blue-lightsaber penis.

"Um...is...is this HURTING you, brother? I REALLY don't think I'm supposed to be doing this without having any sort of actual skin on my feet, especially with someone as closely related to myself as you are!" Papyrus gasped and stammered in horror while Sans panted, moaned loudly, blushed bright-blue and began sweating immensely with intense sexual arousal.

"Papyrus, you really are an amazing FEET of work, you know that?" Sans snickered, shrugged his shoulders and winked smugly at Papyrus, who then angrily sneered at him and dug the surprisingly-seductively-curved pointy ends of his toes fiercely into Sans' already-raging boner, causing him to accidentally shoot out a gigantic, beautifully dripping load of cum all over his own face!

"Who's laughing NOW, hmm? Nyeh, I say, NYEH!" Papyrus put his hand on his chest and smirked arrogantly while Sans licked his own deliciously blueberry-flavored sperm right off of his fat, stupid face and fingerpainted an incredibly sloppy heart shape onto Papyrus' left foot with it.

MEANWHILE AT BURGERPANTS' AND NICE CREAM GUY'S BENCH...

"End of the line, pal; looks like it's about time you finally showed your big brother some long-due RESPECT!" Nice Cream Guy laughed evilly, rubbing his feet together suggestively as Burgerpants reluctantly extended out his adorable little cat tongue and began passionately servicing Nice Cream Guy's equally adorable and disgustingly sweaty bunny feet with it.

"TEE HEE! That still tickles so very, VERY much, good GOD!" Nice Cream Guy laughed, covering his mouth girlishly and blushing humiliatedly as Burgerpants teased over the poor bunny's surprisingly soft and sensitive paw-pads with his pointy little fingernails and licked them like a dog with his tongue while Nice Cream Guy pulled out a bottle of yogurt-flavored lotion (infused with special cat-attracting pheromones, of course) from his pockets and smeared it all over his already-pretty-damned-sexy feet, crossing his legs and eagerly awaiting what he already very well knew that Burgerpants was pretty much inevitably going to end up doing next.

"OBEY MASTER, LICK FEET!" Burgerpants chanted hypnotically to himself as he gluttonously buried his entire face into Nice Cream Guy's gooey, filthy, nasty, smelly and ever-so-criminally-irresistible rabbit soles and slurped down every last bit of lotion, dirt and lint on them, licking his feet all the way up from the heel-pad to the toe-pads while Nice Cream Guy just sat relaxedly on the bench and smoked a cigar.

"Wow, you're REALLY freaking into this, aren't you?!" Nice Cream Guy laughed as Burgerpants grabbed both of his incredibly long and sexy rabbit feet and shoved them all the way down his mouth into his throat, sucking his toes so hard that it caused him to puke up quite a bit of recently ingested lotion back onto them as he gleefully licked in-between Nice Cream Guy's dainty little toes and gave him wet, sloppy smooches right on both of the balls of his feet.

"Well, well, well...I suppose we might as well just go ahead and get this stupid Nice Cream joke over with, while we're at it...you naughty, cheeky little boy, you!" Nice Cream Guy scolded Burgerpants teasingly as the latter placed his throbbing, iron-hard cat dick right in-between the former's utterly gorgeous hillbilly soles while the former began shaking it like a cocktail!

"OH, NICE CREAM GUY...I JUST WANT US TO STAY LIKE THIS FOREVER AND FOREVER SO THAT WE CAN GET MARRIED AND HAVE BABIES AND LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER WITH EACH OTHER AND-"

"WHOA, slow down there, partner! I'll have you know that I'm actually WAY out of your league, BROTHER, regardless of how utterly hilariously gay you might very well be!" Nice Cream Guy laughed and stammered awkwardly, blushing and scratching the back of his head embarrassedly while Burgerpants blew several days' worth of pure concentrated load all over his sweaty, stinky soles and began excitedly licking it right off of them with delight.

MEANWHILE AT BRATTY'S AND CATTY'S BENCH...

"Alright, Catty, now show me what you're REALLY made of! Go all out! Come on, make my sexy alligator feet BEG for mercy!" Bratty playfully dared Catty as she slowly, teasingly rolled off her socks, revealing first the dainty little heels, then the incredibly smooth arches, then the irresistibly glitter-coated balls, and then finally the long, slender and pointy toes of her filthy, nasty, sweaty reptilian feet, wiggling said toes seductively and causing her assorted gold, silver and bronze toe rings to sparkle and gleam and glimmer gorgeously in the light while Catty drooled at the mouth and nosebled with arousal.

"Go ahead, what are you waiting for? DIG RIGHT IN!" Bratty laughed snidely at her fat lesbian friend, stroking her incredibly fake (yet beautiful) golden-blonde hair, pulling her phone out from

her purse and eagerly starting yet another deeply embarrassing recording while Catty grabbed her long, sexy and pointy feet and rubbed them passionately against her tits until milk squirted out from her chest in copious amounts all over her lovely glitter-coated alley-gator soles, prompting her to then immediately lick it up like the utterly shameless foot slave that she was, meowing and purring with delight in the process!

"OH YEAH, KEEP DOING THAT, THAT FEELS SO GOOD...OHH, SWEET MERCIFUL CHRIST..." Bratty moaned in ecstasy, almost passing out from sheer relaxation as Catty lovingly licked and licked and licked her beautifully soft and scaly soles all the way up from the pointy little heels to the even pointier little toes (which, on her feet, actually WAS an incredibly long distance, mind you) until they were pretty much the cleanest things on Earth, then proceeded to lick out the scrumptious little globs of built-up, sweaty sock lint from the dainty little gaps in-between her lovely, wiggling and curling-with-pleasure toes.

"AND TO THINK THAT YOU HONESTLY SOMETIMES WONDER WHY I FREAKING LOVE YOU SO MUCH..." Bratty moaned almost-orgasmically as Catty lovingly, gently kneaded her soft and fluffy cat thumbs into literally every single individual external and internal part of her beloved alligator girlfriend's relatively tough and scaly soles from the tendons to her metatarsals and everything in between, activating several of the utmost pleasure centers deep within the still-developing neural pathways of her brain and causing her to nearly pass out yet again from sheer unadulterated delight as she immediately wrapped her sexy alligator toes around Catty's shaft without even a second thought and began stroking like she meant it!

"OOH...OHHHH...OH YEAH, COME ON, BABY...OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Catty shrieked orgasmically with pleasure as her dick blasted out only-god-knows-how-much creamy and delicious semen all over her wonderful alligator girlfriend's beautiful soles.

"Oh, come on now, don't be shy!" Bratty teased her, wiggling and curling her lustrous toes with delight and eagerly getting ready to post her newly recorded foot-fetish video onto Tumblr while Catty lovingly licked her own cum right off of her ever-so-weirdly-gorgeous alligator soles.

## Chapter 5

### ASRIEL LOVES FEET: PART 5

Later that night, at exactly 9:30 PM, Toriel was busy as a bee making her preposterously procrastinated preparations for King Asgore's scheduled dinner...oh I'm sorry, I forgot that the fat fuck preferred dessert over actual dinner...DESSERT date with her at 10:00 PM while Undyne slept soundly in her bed and snored loudly enough to shake the entire attic upstairs.

"Alright, so now I've finally gotten done cleaning the toilets, mopping the floors, dusting off all of my countless dog knick-knacks in addition to all of the furniture and shelves, scraping Alphys' macaroni-and-barbecue-sauce experiment into the garbage disposal, all of that boring and tedious cleaning crap...sigh...what's next now?" Toriel paced back and forth across the kitchen, scratched her head and wondered anxiously to herself while Asgore slowly but surely drew ever-closer to her not-so-humble three-story abode down in Snowdin.

"Oh, OF COURSE; how could I be so freaking BLIND?! It's literally the ONE other thing that that fat f%#&ing bastard Asgore considers women useful for BESIDES cleaning: F%#&ING COOKING!" Toriel growled angrily to herself, gritting her teeth in frustration and muttering numerous, various curse words underneath her breath as she walked over to her refridgerator, pulled a butterscotch-cinnamon pie out from the freezer and popped it into the oven.

"Dear GOD, what am I ever going to do with that f%#&ing bigoted, sexist, child-murdering asshole?" Toriel sighed dejectedly to herself as she went down to the first floor and laid down dejectedly on her living-room sofa, resting her head snugly against the pillow and falling asleep.

"Hee hee hee...PERFECT..." Muffet cackled maliciously, rubbing her hands together (ironically) like a fly as she stood atop one of the seemingly massive tiles covering the floor of Toriel's living room and gazed in awe and wonderment upon her now seemingly colossal body; sure enough, Muffet had just recently snuck into Alphys' lab, stolen one of her shrink guns and used it on herself, with only the absolute evillest (or should I say, absolute kinkiest) of intentions.

"Now all I have to do is sneak inside one of those big floppy ears of hers while she isn't looking, and I'll pretty much have this in the WEBBING SAC! Toriel will never KNOW!" Muffet giggled and snickered mischievously to herself as she climbed up onto the sofa, then onto Toriel's incredibly soft, wrinkly and gargantuanly massive soles so that she could pay her...ahem...respects.

"OH SWEET JUMPING JELLYBEANS, THAT TASTES SO UTTERLY DELICIOUS..." Muffet moaned with delight as she crawled all the way up Toriel's soles from the toes to the heels (and vice versa) while licking all the way, causing Toriel herself to squirm and moan with pleasure, twitching her feet ever-so-slightly and wiggling her toes adorably as she dreamt about becoming a dominatrix and getting her feet submissively licked and rubbed by Asgore.

"Alright, that's plenty enough HORSING around if you ask me; personally, I'd say it's about time for me to make like a spider and spin my wonderful web of LIES!" Muffet laughed as she climbed up Toriel's legs (taking a brief peek into her vagina, of course, because why not), then climbed up her chest (crawling onto her boobs and taking a short but sweet little nibble at her luscious little nipples just for the sake of doing it), then finally climbed right up her neck and made a beeline straight into her left ear.

"Man, I sure hope she doesn't FEEL me in here!" Muffet thought nervously to herself as she quietly tiptoed her way through Toriel's ear canal (barefoot, of course, because again, why not?), taking



great care to avoid stepping in her earwax, of which there was surprisingly little to be seen apart from a few rather disgusting little stalagmite and stalactite formations here and there.

"Tee hee hee..." Toriel giggled adorably in her sleep as she dreamt about being tickled by Asgore, blissfully unaware that there was currently a blatantly obvious dominatrix/vore fetish character mucking about in her ear as she involuntarily scratched it with her index finger while Muffet finally reached her pearly grey eardrum, tapping her foot and wondering what to do next for all of about literally five seconds.

"HMPH! Just like I always say, you can NEVER have enough accessories!" Muffet thought amusedly as she summoned exactly one laser cutter into each of her six little hands and used the laser beams from them to almost instantaneously carve a nice, round hole through the eardrum, crawling right on through into her inner ear until she finally reached the brain.

"Hmm, let's see what we've got up here...HOLY SH%#, what in the hell is that thing?!" Muffet screamed and covered her mouth in shock as she climbed her way up onto the very top of the somehow-still-unaware Toriel's spongy, veiny and pulsating cerebral cortex and noticed that there was some kind of alarmingly evil-looking computer-chip device jutting out from its surface, with red flashing lights and tentacle-like wires and the brand name GASTRONICS and everything! More importantly, however, the chip was also somehow shaped like a human FOOT of all things, serving as pretty much an immediate dead giveaway for what its purpose was.

"Oh, for the love of f%#&, Gaster, did you REALLY have to go magically implanting FOOT-FETISH chips into everyone's brains today?" Muffet groaned and facepalmed herself, realizing that there was almost definitely another one of these lodged into HER central nervous system as well.

(NOTE: Quite a few of the characters in this story, most notably Bratty and Catty, already had pretty severe foot fetishes to begin with, with the chips simply augmenting their severity to make them even WORSE than before.)

"Hmm...how should I get rid of this thing...actually, you know what? On second thought, I think I'll just LEAVE it in there!" Muffet laughed evilly, rubbing her hands together and squishing her toes into the fleshy, soft, wrinkly and remarkably spongy surface of Toriel's brain as she looked around eagerly for the secret entrance hatch.

"Ah, THERE it is!" Muffet laughed, gently tiptoeing her way over to the incredibly unassuming spot right in the top-center of Toriel's brain and hopping inside without uttering another word.

"Wow, what an incredibly big BRAIN she has...all the better for me to udderly HUMILIATE her with, am I right?" Muffet snickered and shrugged her shoulders smugly as she walked as gently and carefully as possible across the incredibly soft and delicate inner surface of Toriel's brain (you know, the place where all of her main nerve endings were gathered), still causing a rather surprisingly large amount of pain to Toriel in the process despite the surprisingly considerate effort on her part.

"OHH, YEAH, KEEP ON WHIPPING ME, YOU F%#&ING MAN-WHORE..." Toriel moaned ecstatically in her sleep, causing Muffet to blush deeply in response as she made her way up into Toriel's frontal lobe and booted up her massive Microsoft central-control supercomputer!

"Alright, so if memory right, the password is BUTTERSCOTCH..." Muffet whispered intently and somewhat nervously to herself, biting the nails of her top four hands while she typed out the word BUTTERSCOTCH on Toriel's keyboard with her bottom two and used Toriel's mouse to click the GO button with her right foot, bringing her to the classic green-hills-and-blue-sky screensaver, which presumably hadn't been changed since the very day that she was born.

"Well, there's still a little bit of time left, so I suppose I might as well play some Solitaire to pass the time while I wait!" Muffet sighed as she clicked over into the Games menu and began playing Foot Solitaire (in which literally all of the cards were shaped like feet) with her feet.

MEANWHILE, IN ALPHYS' LAB...

"Holy f%#&, where the hell AM I?" Asriel (who was now nothing more than the size of a small field mouse) gasped in shock as he looked around at the seemingly endless plain of floor tiles surrounding him, decorated only by a massive computer desk so incredibly messy that it would make even the absolute worst of pack-rats blush with second-hand embarrassment.

"You're in MY world now, you little bitch!" Alphys laughed evilly at Asriel, her foot-fetish chip becoming (and already having become) temporarily corrupted by Gaster's influence as she crouched down on all fours, hissed loudly and pounced at Asriel like a pissed-off weeaboo tabby cat that didn't get its lasagna.

"Well, personally, I think I'd much prefer to be OUT of it as soon as possible, thank you very LITTLE!" Asriel screamed as Alphys scampered about wildly on all fours, chasing Asriel all over the room, baring her adorably nerdy buck teeth and hissing with rage while the poor little goat-boy ran screaming for his dear life and almost literally shat himself in helpless fear and terror.

"What's the matter, Asriel? CAT got your tongue?" Alphys asked Asriel teasingly as she chased him up the conspicuously placed Super Mario Bros end-level stairway next to her desk and then finally onto the desk itself, scattering all manner of documents, action figures and instant-noodle cups (in other words, basically everything but the computer itself, somehow) all over the floor!

"SH%#!" Asriel gasped as he reached the very outermost edge of Alphys' desk, nearly losing his balance and falling right into the trash can...and most likely his death on top of that, for the record.

"HA! Now there's officially NOWHERE left to freaking run, you little PEST!" Alphys cackled maliciously as she grabbed Asriel, laid him face-up on her desk and stepped on him, pressing her filthy, sweaty, nasty and increasingly stinky left foot deeply into his body while he squirmed and cried from a combination of both the pain and the horrific body-odor stench down below.

"If I could literally erase my entire EXISTENCE right now, I would..." Asriel moaned and retched in disgust, holding his breath as he was completely smothered underneath Alphys' gargantuan dinosaur foot, which she then promptly began rolling him back and forth in the surprisingly sexy arches of, covering him in all kinds of dirt, sweat and lint and hideously disfiguring his fur in the process.

"So tell me, Asriel; how do you FEEL right now, knowing that there's literally nothing you can do to stop me from ultimately subjecting you to pretty much nothing short of THE most utterly humiliating and absolutely disgraceful fate imaginable?" Alphys laughed sadistically while Asriel held back his tears of sadness, pain and sensory torment as he reluctantly began licking her unspeakably disgusting feet and sucking out the slimy, goopy, sweaty and linty fungal-infection gunk from in-between her toes while being mercilessly crushed underneath them like a bug.

"WHY WON'T YOU PLEASE JUST F%#&ING STOMP ME TO DEATH AND GET THIS SH%# OVER WITH ALREADY, FOR F%'S UNHOLY SAKE?!" Asriel screamed in horror as Alphys finally lifted her feet from his deeply agonized body, scraped him off the bottom of her left foot and held him intently in front of her dorkily salivating, terrifyingly gaping maw, licking her lips teasingly.

"Because THAT wouldn't be nearly as much FUN as I'm having with you right now, my dear!"

Alphys laughed dementedly as she opened her mouth as wide as it could go (causing Asriel to turn green and nearly throw up in disgust from the smell of her breath) and popped the poor kid right in!

"Alphys, it's me, your best FRIEND! What in the hell POSSESSED you to DO something like this in the FIRST goddamned place?!" Asriel screamed and cried devastatedly, leaping onto Alphys' lower row of (luckily not terribly sharp at all) teeth, grabbing her upper row with his hands, and pushing her jaws away from each other with all of his might while Alphys merely smirked amusedly, sat down at the computer, lazily slouched in her seat, flipped the Underground's Youtube service onto her favorite Let's Play channel, and began watching Part 1 of said channel's world-renowned Undertale LP in response.

"Wait a minute...POSSESSED...OH MY GOD, THAT'S IT!" Asriel gasped in surprise, suddenly realizing what was really going on in his current situation as he exhaustedly gave way, allowing Alphys' upper and lower rows of teeth to come down (and up) on top of him and very painfully sandwich him in-between them.

"What possessed YOU to be such a creepy, nasty, foot-fetish F%#& around your own MOTHER in freaking PUBLIC, you goddamned idiot?!" Alphys retorted angrily, shaking her head disapprovingly as she began agonizingly grinding Asriel in-between her yellow, sweaty teeth.

"I think a better question would be WHAT in the hell possessed YOUTUBE to make a big freaking deal about some dumbass stereotypically Irish dude with green-dyed hair who makes a living by literally just doing nothing but sitting on his boisterous ass and playing f%#&ing VIDEO GAMES all goddamned day?!" Asriel moaned and shrieked in agony, his eyes going bloodshot with rage as Alphys' teeth began grinding large sections of his fur right off.

"Oh, puh-leeze; it's as easy as PIE!" Alphys laughed, clutching her sides and wobbling merrily in her seat while Asriel climbed up onto the plaque-dripping roof of her mouth and clung face-down onto it with all fours in a miserably desperate attempt to escape from further danger as Alphys released her hairy, crusty tongue from its rancid, festering resting place and began ferociously stroking the poor boy's entire body from head to toe with it, soaking him in her fetid, disturbingly warm and stagnant saliva until he was dripping with sweat, tears and gooey spit alike!

"You know, if I just went and outright threw up in here, which you'd better freaking believe is EXACTLY what I'm RIGHT about to do if things keep going this way, I'm very seriously starting to get the impression that it would actually make this f%#&ing place CLEANER than it is right now, for f%#&'s sake! Honestly, I've literally heard of SEVERAL f%#&ing BROKEN-DOWN AND ABANDONED SHELL GAS STATIONS IN MOTHERF%#&ING SHIT-SUCKING DETROIT with cleaner f%#&ing BATHROOMS than this! Do you kiss your goddamned MOTHER with this mouth?!" Asriel yelled and ranted furiously at Alphys, his entire body shriveling up in disgust with each and every wet, sloppy and teasing stroke that the lizard lady's tongue made over him and his expensive new clothes...which were literally exactly the same as his regular yellow-and-green-striped ones, only bought for a much higher price at Temmie's thrift store as opposed to the massive department store in New Home City.

"Luckily for HER, she worked in the New Home landfill and therefore was USED to it! Before she died from a f%#&ing HEROIN-LACED SLEEPING PILL OVERDOSE and left a note of authorization on the refridgerator for my dad to blow his brains out with his own Kurt-Cobain-autographed SHOTGUN, that is!" Alphys laughed maniacally as she cracked open a half-full liter bottle of Coca-Caina and guzzled it right down while Asriel leapt straight up in horror, grabbed as tightly as he could onto Alphys' gooey, slimy, pus-oozing, dangling uvula and braced himself as the massive wave of tooth-rotting liquid sugar (in other words, corn syrup) came crashing down into her throat, proving to be too much for him and washing him right down into her stomach!

"BRAAAAAAAP!" Alphys burped loudly and triumphantly, patting her belly and slouching lazily in her office chair while Asriel struggled desperately to balance himself atop a mere measly two of god-knows-how-many undigested pieces of corn floating around inside her stomach (placing exactly one sticky foot onto each one, of course) despite the fact that Alphys' stomach acid was wildly bubbling and sloshing all over the place, her stomach growling and vibrating ferociously!

"Hey, Asriel, how's the VIEW in there?" Alphys chuckled, rubbing her rumbling belly and smirking teasingly while Asriel, in his struggle to stay afloat on the corn pieces, accidentally spread his legs out so far apart that it could only be described as overdoing the splits!

"PAIN...SO...MUCH...PAIN..." Asriel whimpered and cried in pain, his legs wobbling like Jell-O as he reluctantly brought them back together and began racking his brain for a way out of this!

"Fantastic! I'm super-duper glad to hear that you're having so much delightful FUN in there, you little BASTARD!" Alphys jeered coldly at the poor kid as he desperately brainstormed for ideas, gasping in disbelieving shock as he suddenly remembered something incredibly obvious that he had somehow been forgetting the whole time; he had the power of MAGIC, not to mention FLIGHT as well!

"I CAN FLY, I CAN FLY, I CAN FLAAAUUUGGGHHH!" Asriel fake-screamed, pretending that he was drowning and melting to death in Alphys' stomach acid as he eagerly, excitedly flew straight up Alphys' gullet (in other words, right back the way that he had unwelcomely come in) and headed straight back into her uproariously laughing mouth, where he then flew right out through the wide-open, laughter-induced gap between her massive rows of teeth, used his magic powers to shrink himself even smaller, and flew straight into Alphys' left ear canal at Superman speed, accidentally getting himself covered with all kinds of slimy, hairy, sticky and disgustingly filthy earwax on his way through while Alphys had a sudden moment of terrifying realization, followed immediately by some of the most agonizingly intense pain of her entire life!

"GYAAAAAAH!" Alphys stumbled out of her seat and shrieked loudly in pain, kneeling onto the floor and clutching her head as Asriel literally punched a hole right through her precious little eardrum, shattering it into jagged, miniscule pieces and causing blood to gush out violently from her left ear; meanwhile, Asriel rapidly made his way through its incredibly complex, delicate and sensitive inner workings, causing the poor girl to stumble back and forth dizzily and suddenly revert back into her normal, regular personality as Asriel finally reached her incredibly large brain!

"Ah, this must be what's causing her foot fetishism!" Asriel laughed, blissfully unaware of the fact that Alphys already had quite a bit of a foot fetish to begin with as he chewed the wires of Alphys' foot-fetish augmentation chip in twain and angrily threw the chip itself aside while Alphys just helplessly stood right where she was, wobbling her knees and biting her nails and trembling in fear at the mere thought of what Asriel was planning to do to her now that he had rendered her so terrifyingly vulnerable and defenseless and was also so immensely enraged at her.

"ASRIEL, PLEASE STOP, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING! I'M NOT THE BAD GUY HERE, IT'S NOT MY FAULT! ASRIEL, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, IF YOU DON'T GET OUT OF MY FREAKING HEAD RIGHT THIS INSTANT...SO HELP ME, I AM NEVER LETTING YOU HEAR THE END OF IT, DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?!" Alphys screamed and cried, clutching her head and shivering anxiously in fear while Asriel flew up onto the top of her brain and smugly strolled his way over to the entrance hatch, causing her to wince and grimace in pain with each razor-clawed footstep.

"Sorry, pal, but I'm afraid it's already FAR too late for you to be making your pitiful little half-hearted APOLOGIES as IS!" Asriel laughed dementedly, his eyes twitching unsettlingly with

nothing short of grade-A torture-induced unhinged-ness as he forcefully swung open the entrance hatch to Alphys' poor, poor brain and jumped right in without a second thought, causing Alphys to kneel onto the floor and clutch her head in pain yet again upon his landing!

"Asriel, for crying out loud, WHAT THE F%#& IS WRONG WITH YOU?! You DO realize how HORRIFYINGLY delicate and sensitive of a universally important internal organ of mine you're just recklessly rampaging about in as if you freaking OWN IT right now, CORRECT?! Listen, pal, and listen good; if you so much as accidentally twist the wrong pair of WIRES together in there, you and I are more than likely as good as DEAD, paralyzed for god-knows-how-long, or perhaps MAYBE unconscious at the very LEAST! DO YOU REALLY FREAKING WANT SOMETHING LIKE THAT HAPPENING TO EITHER OF US, LET ALONE BOTH OF US?! WELL?! DO YOU, MOTHERF%#&ER?!" Alphys ranted furiously at Asriel and his immense stupidity, pacing rapidly in circles around her chair and throwing her arms about irritably (as women often do, naturally) while Asriel moonwalked over to her central control supercomputer, taking great care to dig his razor-sharp toenails as deeply as possible into her nerve tissue with each menacing footstep while the poor girl writhed and squirmed agitatedly in immense pain, clenching her hands tightly into fists and actually very genuinely wanting to physically punch someone in the face for one of the very first times of her entire miserable life.

"OF COURSE I DO! Now tell me your password, buckaroo! Preferably RIGHT FREAKING NOW, if you don't mind...well, unless you want to see me do THIS again, of course!" Asriel laughed uproariously, turning on Alphys' mental-imaging camera and positioning himself in front of it as he dug out a nice big pair of large, bloody chunks of soft, wrinkly nerve tissue from the internal surface of Alphys' poor, POOR brain with his ridiculously sharp toenails (causing her to double over onto the floor, clutch her head and scream hopelessly in pain as pitiful tears of sadness and sorrow streamed in abundance from her eyes), scooped them up into his bare (and earwax-coated, and dirty, and sweaty, and bloody, and also having very recently been in basically every part of Alphys' disgusting mouth) soles and gleefully ate it right off of them, drooling an absolutely repulsive mixture of substances from his mouth and licking his lips (and feet) with delight while Alphys bent over, pulled a remarkably large paper bag out of her pockets, and threw up so violently into it that she ended up nearly filling the entire thing to its brim!

"OKAY, OKAY, I PROMISE I'LL LITERALLY TELL YOU ANYTHING! JUST AS LONG AS I NEVER HAVE TO WITNESS WHATEVER IN THE ACTUAL FLYING NAME OF F%#& YOU JUST DID AGAIN FOR THE REST OF MY GODFORSAKEN LIFE!" Alphys screamed in horror, bending over and throwing up a second time in absolute disgust as she tossed the bag into the trash can and crossed her arms over her chest sternly.

"Well, what's the password, then?" Asriel slyly asked her, teasing her with his lovely, dripping feet as he crossed his legs atop the supercomputer's massive dashboard and eagerly awaited her answer.

"Alright, rules changed; from now on, I'll tell you literally anything EXCEPT THAT! Seriously, what do you take me for, a f%#&ing IDIOT?!" Alphys yelled furiously at him, clenching her fists and gritting her teeth and turning bright-red in the face with immense anger and frustration.

"Alphys, do you REALLY want me to reveal your super-secret video of you and Undyne dancing drunkenly and nakedly atop your desk in your Mew Mew Kissy Cutie bikinis and panties (complete with catgirl ears, paws and tails, no less) and singing the absolute WORST karaoke cover ever made of the stupid gay-ass show's theme song to the general public?" Asriel maliciously threatened the poor girl as he pulled out his iPhone, thumbed his way over to the exact video that he was referring to (which he had secretly recorded at Alphys' and Undyne's lab sleepover about a week ago while the two of them were both completely drunk out of their minds) and contemplatively hovered his thumb over the post-to-Tumblr-and-Youtube-and-Twitter buttons,

smirking teasingly at Alphys and raising his eyebrows seductively in the process.

"ALRIGHT, JESUS F%#&ING CHRIST, FINE, I'LL TELL YOU THE GODDAMNED PASSWORD! GOOD F#&%ING GOD, DUDE, WHAT THE HELL'S GOTTEN INTO YOU?!" Alphys finally cracked and snapped, beating herself over the head with her clipboard and growling exhaustedly in frustration.

"WHAT IS IT?" Asriel asked her sternly, pulling a knife out of his pocket and shooting her a nasty death glare as he drew his finger over his neck and began slowly lowering the knife closer and closer to Alphys' brain tissue.

"Mew Mew Kissy Cutie..." Alphys sighed and blushed embarrassedly, double-facepalming herself and crying in shame from how incredibly stupid her password really was while Asriel logged himself right into her central nervous system and went straight for the manual control panel!

"Oh, dear...you REALLY thought I hadn't already GUESSED that by now?! WELL, then...HOO boy, have you got another thing coming, lady!" Asriel laughed hysterically, wiping the joyful tears from his eyes with his index finger as he took full control over Alphys' body and led her right out the door on a trip straight back to Toriel's house from whence she came!

"Um...w-where are you taking me, might I ask?" Alphys asked Asriel worriedly, trembling and stammering nervously while Asriel manually walked her along the path back to Snowdin.

"Ever heard of foot-fetish HEAVEN, my dear sweet cupcake?" Asriel asked Alphys teasingly, licking his lips and smirking with sexual excitement as he guided his new 12-year-old sex toy back to her mother's house, causing her to moan and whimper and weep in despair all the way!

## Chapter 6

### ASRIEL LOVES FEET: PART 6

"Welcome home, darling!" Asriel laughed from within Alphys' severely tormented brain as the poor girl finally reached the front door to Toriel's house, conveniently arriving at the exact same time as Asgore!

"ALPHYS, DARLING, what in God's name brought YOU out so alarmingly late at night?!" Asgore stammered and gasped and covered his mouth in shock, scooping Alphys up into his tender, burly and loving arms and comforting her. "Just between you and me, though, this STILL doesn't make up for what you did to my wife a few months ago, you understand?"

"YES..." Alphys groaned and rolled her eyes, well-aware of the fact that what Asriel had just done (and was currently doing) to her deep inside her poor head (unbeknownst to Asgore, obviously, since he couldn't see him) was easily just as bad if not several times WORSE.

"HONEY, I'M HERE!" Asgore yelled to get Toriel's attention as he set Alphys right back down onto her sexy little feet and pounded the door with his gargantuan, meaty and oh-so-fluffy fist.

"Jeeze, it's about TIME!" Toriel (whom Muffet had already taken complete control over the brain of and was currently speaking through her internal voice-recording microphone) giggled teasingly, putting her hand over her mouth and crossing her legs awkwardly while Alphys and Asgore glared suspiciously at him and walked inside to find Undyne eagerly sprawled out on the sofa in the living room, licking her lips and drooling like a dog while Toriel brought out her wonderfully-baked, almost-orgasmically sweet-smelling butterscotch-cinnamon pie (that was actually 100-percent store-bought and entirely a scam, because go figure), carried it downstairs into the living room, and set it down lovingly on the coffee table as she sat down next to it and crossed her legs relaxedly while Undyne squealed and jumped for joy.

"My gosh, Undyne, what are YOU so excited about?" Toriel glanced over at Undyne and chuckled confusedly at her incredibly overexcited and melodramatic antics.

"Oh, trust me, it's TOTALLY just the pie!" Undyne lied through her incredibly sharp teeth while everyone else in the general vicinity glared teasingly at her and nodded their heads sarcastically at her in response.

"MMM-HMM..." Toriel hummed teasingly as she lifted up her right foot and stomped forcefully on the formerly clean and pristine, fresh-out-of-the-oven butterscotch-cinnamon pie, completely and utterly ruining it (or perhaps making it even better, depending on your tastes)

as she slowly, seductively lifted her foot back up out of the sugary, syrupy mess that she had just unironically made of her own treasured culinary delight and wiggled her toes gorgeously as bits of gooey, creamy filling residue cake crumbs began oozing and dripping deliciously from her bare, naked sole while she then proceeded to do the exact same thing with her left foot.

"SO...tell me, everyone, which one of you insignificant little clods would like to pitifully grovel at my ankles and mindless worship my beautiful, royal, queenly feet first?" Toriel asked her new audience teasingly as she tenderly scrunched her soles and raised her eyebrows sexily at them, causing literally all of their hands (and dicks) to immediately shoot straight up into the air.

"OOH, ME, ME! PICK ME!" Alphys got down on her knees and begged like a dog as Asriel

completely possessed her, literally becoming her and turning her into his vessel, so to speak!

"Very well then; you and Undyne will go first...you freaky little F%#&S!" Toriel cackled evilly, coughing up a hairball and smearing it all over her left foot as she reached into the little gap in-between her couch cushions and pulled out a BDSM whip while her own dearly loving children eagerly and ever-so-ecstatically lined up in front of her sweaty, stinky soles one after the other (with Alphys taking the left while Undyne took the right, of course) and lovingly dug right in with their tongues.

"Come on, Alphys, is that REALLY all you've got? Come on, LICK MY FEET HARDER!" Toriel yelled dominantly at Alphys, flogging her brutally with the whip while she licked the sweaty, hairy, sugary, gooey and syrupy gunk off of Toriel's ever-so-glamorous left sole like there was no tomorrow, panting and moaning with pleasure as she shoved the goat mom's adorable toes into her mouth and sucked them so incredibly hard that the resulting layers of glistening, gleaming saliva covering them could very clearly be seen dripping and oozing off of them for almost a quarter-mile around.

"Same goes for YOU, loser! PICK UP THE FREAKING PACE, WOULD YOU?!" Toriel yelled angrily at Undyne, flogging her even harder with the whip while she cried in pain and humiliation as she licked and sucked the sugary-sweet, gooey and deliciously sweat-drenched pie residue right off the bare filthy paw-pads of Toriel's right foot and kissed her toes lovingly, prompting her and Alphys to then immediately finish off with an orgasmically relaxing foot massage.

"OH, MOMMY, HOW I LOVE TO LICK YOUR SWEATY FEET WHILE YOU LAZILY SIT AND WATCH TELEVISION ALL DAY!" Alphys blushed and panted and moaned wildly with arousal, wagging her tail and thumping her feet adorably on the floor as she kneaded her rough and scaly lizard thumbs into Toriel's soft and fluffy left foot, causing the goat mom to murr and squirm about in her seat in a fit of pure joy while Undyne did the exact same to her right foot.

"PERSONALLY, I HONESTLY DON'T THINK THAT EVEN THE MONA LISA COULD EVER TRULY REPLACE SUCH UTTERLY BEAUTIFUL AND PRICELESS WORKS OF ART AS THESE!" Undyne blushed, moaned and threw her head back orgasmically as she and Alphys lovingly hugged Toriel's big sexy feet and passionately buried their faces into her arches, sniffing her wonderfully scrumptious body odor deeply into their noses while Toriel covered her mouth and blushed embarrassedly in response.

"Hey, Asgore, why don't YOU join in the fun?" Toriel joyfully beckoned Asgore over to her as everyone in the general vicinity immediately took their clothes off and prepared themselves eagerly for the touche de finale.

"OH, PARRRENNNTS?" Alphys and Undyne playfully teased Asgore and Toriel respectively, scooping up the rest of (what was left of) the pie into their disturbingly-hot-and-sexy-for-their-age-not-to-mention-species soles and wiggled their toes scrumptiously at their own parents.

"My mind's telling me no...but my BODY...my BODY'S telling me YES!" Asgore and Toriel both thought nervously and rather regretfully to themselves, hanging their heads in shame as they eagerly approached their own clearly underaged kids and made sweet, sweet love to them on the living room floor!

"OHH, you're just the most ADORABLE little thing I think I've ever seen in my whole miseranle life...I could literally f%#& you for DAYS, even despite the fact that you're LITERALLY only twelve stinking years old at the moment!" Asgore moaned and blushed intensely as he passionately, protectively cradled Alphys in his burly and muscular arms, panting and drooling at the mouth with arousal while the adorkable little lass lovingly sucked on his soft, tender man-teats.



"GAH! TEETH!" Asgore winced and yelped in pain as Alphys bit down hard on each of his plump, succulent nipples, squeezing out heaping portions of man-tit-milk straight into her eagerly awaiting and excitedly drooling mouth as she rubbed and patted her belly, licked her lips and wetly, sloppily smooched Asgore right on the lips in response, causing the latter to collapse head-over-heels onto the floor while Alphys laid face-down atop his chest, wagging her tail and curling her toes with pleasure while Asgore involuntarily did the exact same.

"OH DARLING, YOU'LL ALWAYS BE MY SWEET LITTLE CUPCAKE, REGARDLESS OF INCREDIBLY BIG OF A BOY YOU MAY BE..." Alphys seductively teased him as the two of them rolled around lovingly on the floor and twirled their wet dripping tongues together in a wonderful french-kissing phenomenon while the sexy little lizard girl wrapped her toes around the big old goat dad's deliciously ginormous and masculine shaft, pointed it directly into her comparatively diminutive vagina, and began stroking it vigorously while the two of them continued panting and moaning with profound sexual excitement.

"HEY there, Undertale foot sluts! If this story somehow HASN'T given you a freaking RAGING boner yet, I honestly don't know WHAT to tell you!" Asriel teasingly winked at the readers, raising his eyebrows and shrugging his shoulders smugly as he wrapped his big, fluffy goat toes around one of numerous levers located on the underside of Alphys' central control dashboard and began seductively stroking it up and down as if he was giving someone a footjob.

"OHHHHHHH, YOU'RE SUCH A WONDERFULLY DELIGHTFUL AND SEXY LITTLE CREAMPIE!" Asgore roared orgasmically at the top of his lungs with delight, his phallic volcano violently erupting and shooting out an absolutely ridiculous amount of sticky, creamy, gooey, slimy cum all over her tantalizingly sexy little lizard feet as well as the stinky unwashed inside of her vagina.

"Oh, my, you're actually rather DISTURBINGLY into this! In fact, I actually very sincerely believe that I just might ACTUALLY end up having to freaking call 911 at the rate YOUR disgustingly fat, lazy, child-murdering and pedophilic ass is going!" Alphys shuddered and moaned in despair (and pleasure) while Asgore delved deeply into the cavernous seminal goldmine that was her disgustingly semen-stuffed, female-ejaculatory-fluid-dripping vagina with his massive fatherly tongue and licked her feet so clean that he could almost literally see his reflection on her soles!

"OH YEAH, RAVAGE ME, SENPAI! RAVAGE ME LIKE YOU RAVAGED YOUR FORMERLY DEAR AND BELOVED HUSBAND ALL OF THOSE LONG, SAD YEARS AGO!" Undyne moaned and yelled with passionate excitement, lovingly sucking Toriel's plump, juicy tits while the sexy goat-mom simultaneously thrust her penis into the adorable little fish girl's vagina like it was nothing.

"HARDER!" Undyne screamed with arousal, biting down gently on Toriel's gorgeous nipples and slurping up at least half a cup of pure concentrated goat milk from the goat mom's teats as her poor little vagina began violently tearing and bleeding from how painfully hard Toriel was f%#&ing her.

"OH, MY CHILD, WHERE DID I EVER GO SO HORRIBLY, HORRIBLY WRONG?!" Toriel shrieked orgasmically with pleasure as her dick blasted out at least half a cup of gooey, creamy cum directly into Undyne's deliciously appetizing, girl-cum-leaking vagina while the fish lady spread her legs and glared seductively at her, raising her eyebrows temptingly as Toriel swallowed her pride and dug right in.

"Oh well, at least you're still good for F%#&ING, am I right?!" Undyne laughed uproariously while Toriel dug deeply into her fishy and nasty vagina with her tongue, meticulously licking out

all of the beautifully glistening cum deposits within and inhaling the disgusting smell deeply into her nose.

TEN SECONDS LATER...

"Oh, dear...am I...am I HURTING you, my child? I REALLY don't think I should be doing this..." Toriel blushed and sighed regretfully as she wrapped her lovely, lovely toes around Undyne's impressively large shaft and began stroking it with the power and technique of the gods themselves while simultaneously grabbing her sweet, candy-like and ever-so-tantalizingly sexy little fish feet, shoving them into her mouth one after the other and smothering their toughly calloused soles and effeminately dainty little web-toes with her warm, slobbering tongue; meanwhile, Undyne bent her ears downward, drooled like a dog, blushed only the absolute brightest of reds and nearly whited out unconscious from sheer orgasmic pleasure!

"HEY there, cheeky BOYS!" Muffet winked and smirked teasingly at the readers, holding mugs of tea seductively in each of her no-less-than-six hands as she curled her sexy little spider feet around one of Toriel's numerous central control levers and began stroking it up and down vigorously.

"SWEET MERCIFUL NEPTUNE, OH MY GODDDDDDD!" Undyne shrieked at the top of her lungs with almost unbelievably orgasmic delight, breaking every nearby window in the house and cumming literally all over Toriel as she fainted head-over-heels onto the floor and passed out!

"Well, THAT was certainly something!" Alphys laughed as she and Asgore and Toriel interlocked themselves together into an incredibly bizarre foot-fetish love triangle, worshipping each other's feet, giving each other footjobs and engaging in pretty much every manner of hot, steamy sex for literally somewhere around half of the rest of the entire freaking eight-hour night.

"THAT'S ALL, F%#&S!" Asriel and Muffet moaned orgasmically, respectively ejaculating boatloads of ejaculatory fluid all over the screens of Alphys' and Toriel's central control supercomputers as they both passed out unconscious onto the fleshy and wrinkly floors of their victims' brains.

"Ain't I a STINKER?" Gaster chuckled smugly to himself as he eagerly took Asriel's former seat in front of Alphys' currently sleep-moded central supercomputer and sassily snapped his fingers in true beatnik fashion, summoning a newspaper from several hours in the future with a front-page headline article titled "WHO KNEW THAT PODOPHILIA COULD ALSO LEAD TO SUCH DISGUSTINGLY GRATUITOUS PEDOPHILIA?" as he flamboyantly crossed his long, slender and skeletal legs and began reading its content intently while the screen faded to black.

THE END

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